

ST. PATRICK'S DAY:

OR, THE

SCHEMING LIEUTENANT.

BY MR. SHERIDAN.

D U B L I N :

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Amphitruone

M E N.

I think

LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

I Boston

DOCTOR ROSY.

JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Very old

SERGEANT.

CORPORAL.

DRUMMER.

1st SOLDIER.

2d SOLDIER.

3d SOLDIER.

TWO COUNTRYMEN.

SERVANT.

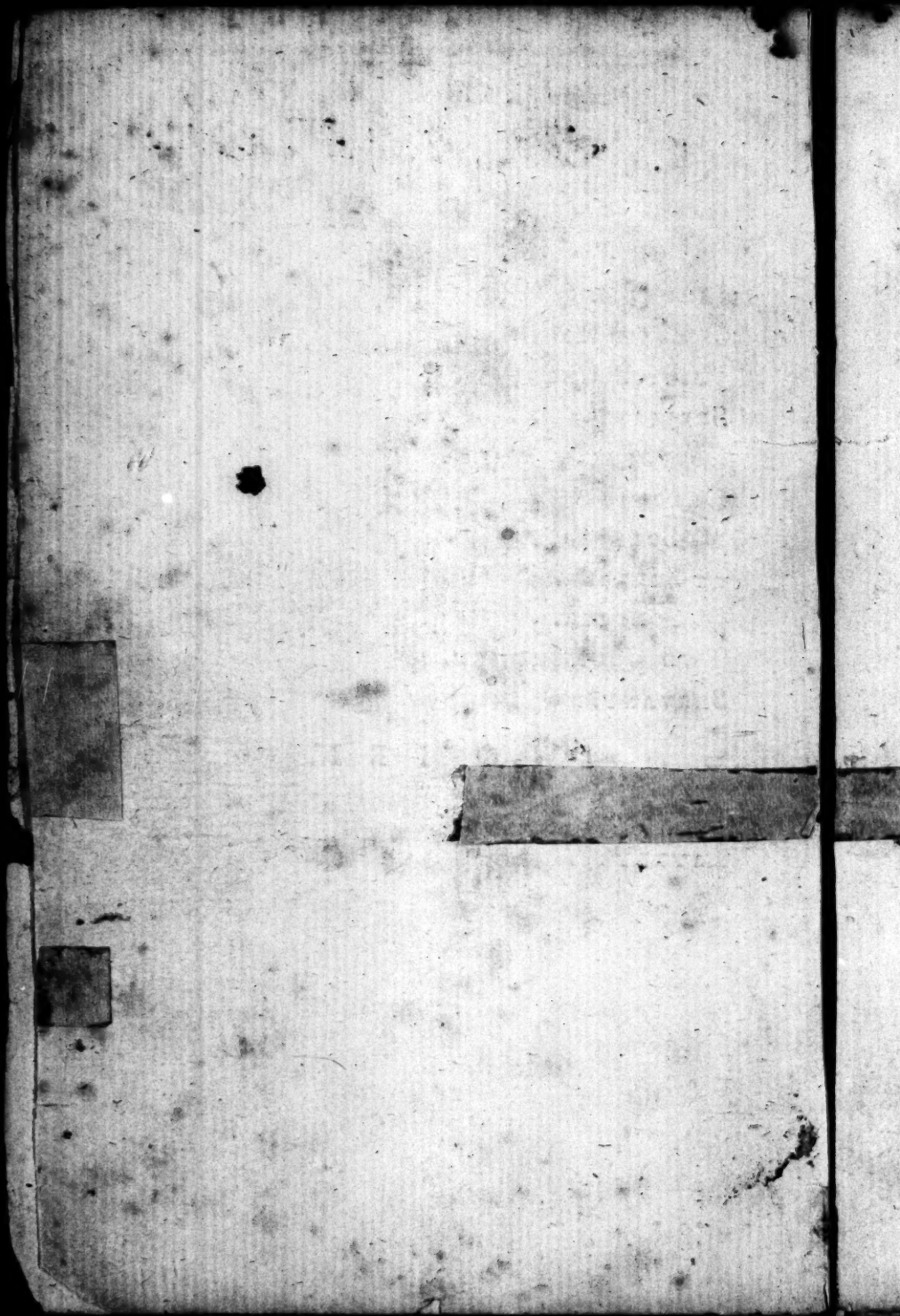
W O M E N.

MRS. BRIDGET.

LAURETTA.

*This Play was written
by R B Sherrill 1775*

KG



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Walk near the Justice's House.

Enter three Soldiers and the Corporal

First Soldier.

I Say you are wrong—we shou'd all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

2d Sold. Right Jack, we'll argue in platoons.

3d Sold. Aye, let him have our grievances in a volley, or if we be to have a spokesman, there's our corporal is the lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

Corp. Let me alone for that, I serv'd three years (within a little bit) under his honour in the Royal Inniskillins, and I never will see a sweeter temper'd officer, nor one more free with his purse—I put a great Shambruck in his hat this morning, and I'll be bound for him, he'll wear it, if it was as big as Stephen's-green.

3d Sold. I say then, you talk like youngsters, like militia striplings, there's a discipline look for you in all things, whereof the serjeant must be our man; besides he's a gentleman of words, he understands your foreign lingo's, your figures and such auxiliaries, in scoring. Confess now gentlemen, for setting a reck'ning in cloth, or writing, ben't he the only man?

Corp. Why, to be sure, the serjeant is a scholar, and has the gift of reading.

Serj. Good foldiers, and fellow gentlemen, if you will make me your spokesman you will shew the more judgment; and let me alone for the argument—I'll be as loud as a drum, and point blank from the purpose.

Corp. Arrah faith, here comes the lieutenant—now serjeant.

Serj. So then, to order—look out your mutiny looks; let every man grumble to himself a little, and some of you hum the Doctor's march.

Enter

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Well my honest lads ; what is it you have got to complain of ?

Serj. Hem ! hem ! hem !

3d Sold. There—damme ! did you ever hear a better hem ! to begin with ? the lieutenant staggers already.

Serj. So, please your honour, the grievances of the matter is this : ever since your honour has differed with Justice Credulous here, our Inn-keeper uses us most scurvily—By my halbert, their treatment is such, that if our spirits were willing to put up with it, flesh and blood wou'd by no means agree—So we humbly petition that your honour wou'd make an end of the matter, by running away with the Justice's daughter at once—or else get us fresh quarters. Hem ! hem !

Lieut. Indeed ! pray which of the houses uses you ill ?

1st Sold. Here's the Red-lion ha'n't howf the civility as the old Red-lion had.

2d Sold. Ay, and there's the White-horse, if he wasn't case harden'd, ought to be ashamed to shew his face.

Lieut. Very well, the Horse and Lion shall answer for it, at the quarter sessions.

Serj.

Serj. The Two Magpies are civil enough—but the Angel uses us like devils—and the Rising-sun refuses us light to go to bed with.

Lieut. Then, upon my word, I'll have the Rising-sun put down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour—But are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them?

Corp. Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then happen to fly a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup; and sometimes Ned drums up and down stairs.

Lieut. O that's all fair, but lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's Day—so here take this, and divide it amongst you—But observe me now, shew yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend a six-pence of it in drink.

Serj. Nay, hang it, foldiers should not bear malice, we must drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

All the Sold. O damn malice, St. Patrick's and your honour's by all means.

Corp. Come away then, lads, and first we'll parade round the Market-cross, for the honour of King William.

1st Sold. Thank your honour! come away; his honour, St. Patrick, and strong beer for ever.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Lieut.

Lieut. Get along you thoughtless vagabonds, yet upon my conscience, 'tis very hard that these poor fellows should scarcely get bread from the very soil they wou'd die to defend.—

Enter Doctor Rosy.

—Oh, my little Doctor Rosy, my Galen abridg'd—why what's the news?

Doct. All things are as they were, my Alexander; the Justice is as violent as ever; I felt his pulse on the matter again, and thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it wou'd not do—he says you and your cut-throats have a plot upon his life, and swears he wou'd rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever than in the arms of a soldier.

Lieut. Upon my word the army is very much obliged to him—Well, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

Doct. So then the case of her fortune is desperate—that is given over—hey?

Lieut. O hang her fortune, let it take its chance—there is a beauty in Laupretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms, something so interesting in her manner—

Doct. So there is, so there is, I understand you—you are for beauty as nature made it—hey? No artificial graces, no cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain—hey? my Alexander!

Lieut.

Lieut. Upon my honour, Doctor, you're right—the London ladies were always too handsome for me—then they are so defended, such a circumlocution of hoop, with a breast work of whale-bone, that wou'd turn a pistol ball, much more Cupid's arrows—then turret on turret, on the top, with store of concealed weapons under the pretence of black pins, and above all a standard of feathers that wou'd do honour to the knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience, I wou'd as soon embrace an Amazon arm'd at all points.

Doct. Right, right, my Alexander, my taste to a tittle.

Lieut. Then, Doctor, tho' I admire modesty in a woman, yet I like to see their faces—I'm for the changeable rose, but with one of these quality Amazons—if their midnight dissipation had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough on their cheeks to shew it. To be sure, bashfulness is a mighty pretty thing, but in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

Doct. My taste, my taste, Lieutenant—well Lauretta is none of these, I never see her but she reminds me of my poor dear wife Dolly.

Lieut. Then in my mind, I think she can't do a worse thing. Now is he going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years. (*aside.*)

Doct.

Doct. Ah ! poor Dolly ! I shall never see her like again ! Such an arm for a bandage, veins that seemed to invite the lancet—then her skin smooth and white as a galli-pot—her mouth round, and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial—her lips conserve of roses—then her teeth, none of your sturdy fixtures, ache as they wou'd, 'twas but a pull and out they came—I believe I have drawn half a score of her poor dear pearls, (*weeps*) but what avails her beauty—Death has no consideration, we must all die ; one must die as well as another—

Lieut. Oh ! if he begins to moralize—(*aside.*)

Doct. Fair or ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor, flesh or grafs, flowers fade.

Lieut. Here take a pinch of snuff, (*offers snuff*) keep up your spirits.

Doct. True, true, my friend, grief can't mend the matter, all's for the best—but such a woman was a great loss, Lieutenant.

Lieut. To be sure, for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

Doct. Mental accomplishments ! she wou'd have stuffed an alligator or pickled a lizard with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom ; why, she cou'd decypher a prescription, and invent the ingredients as well as myself ; then she was such a hand at making foreign waters for Seltzer, Pyrmont, Islington, Chalybeate, she had not her

her equal; and her Bath and Bristol springs exceeded the originals—King Bladud never dipt toe in better—Ah! poor Dolly, she fell a martyr to her discoveries.

Lieut. How so, pray?

Doct. Poor soul, her illness was all occasioned by her zeal, in trying improvements on her spa waters, by an infusion of rum and acid.

Lieut. Ay, ay, spirits never agree with water drinkers.

Doct. No, no, you mistake, the rum agreed with her well enough, 'twas the water that kill'd the dear creature; for she dy'd of a dropsy—well she's gone, never more to return, and has left me no pledge of our love behind, no little baby to hang like a label round papa's neck—well we are all mortal—sooner or later—flesh is grass—flowers fade.

Lieut. Oh the devil again. (*aside.*)

Doct. Life's a shadow—the world's a stage—we strut our hour.

Lieut. Here, Doctor, take a pinch. (*gives snuff*)

Doct. True, true, my friend—well—high grief can't mend it, all's for the best—hey, my Alexander!

Lieut.

Lieut. True, true, an apothecary shou'd never be out of spirits; but come, faith 'tis time honest Humphrey shou'd wait on the Justice; that must be our first scheme.

Doct. True, true, you shou'd be ready, the cloaths are all at my house, and I have given him such a character, that he is impatient to have you. He swears you shall be his body guard—well I honour the army, or I shou'd never do so much to serve you.

Lieut. Indeed I am bound to you for ever, and when once I am in possession of my dear Lauretta, I'll endeavour to make work for you as fast as I can.

Doct. Now you put me in mind of my poor dear wife again.

Lieut. Oh, forget her a little, we shall be too late.

Doct. Poor Dolly.

Lieut. 'Tis past twelve.

Doct. Inhuman dropfy.

Lieut. The Justice will wait.

Doct. Cropt in her prime.

Lieut. For heaven's sake come.

Doct. Well, flesh is grass.

Lieut. Oh, the deuce, come along.

Doct. Flowers fade.

Lieut. Come along I say.

Doct. Time, will tell all.

(All this time the Lieutenant is endeavouring to pull the Doctor off the stage.)

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Chamber. Justice's House.

Enter Layrett and Mrs. Bridget.

Laur. I repeat it again, mama, officers are the prettiest men in the world; and Lieutenant O'Connor is the prettiest man I ever saw.

Bridg. For shame Laura, how can you talk so? or if you must have a military man, there's Lieutenant Plow, or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray, the brewer, all your admirers; and tho' they are quiet, peaceable, good kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet, as well as the fighting folks.

Laur.

Laur. Officer ! mama ! you know I hate the militia officers indeed—a set of dunghill cocks with spurs on—heroes scratch'd off a church-door ; clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character—No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love one day, and has his head shot off the next.—O dear, to think how the sweet fellow sleeps on the ground, and fights in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Bridg. Oh ! barbarous ! to want a husband, who may wed you in the morning, and be sent the Lord knows where before night, and then in a twelvemonth, perhaps, to have him come home like a Colossus, with a leg at Boston and the other at Chelsea.

Laur. Then Pd be his crutch, mama.

Bridg. No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are to be found, tho' he has not the use of them—Oh ! if he should take you with him what a scene !—to sleep in a baggage cart, and stroll about the camp, like a gypsey, with a knapsack and two children at your back ; then by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the serjeant's wife to drink bohea tea, and play at all fours on a drum top—Oh ! 'tis a precious life to be sure.

Laur. Nay, madam, you shou'd not be against my Lieutenant, for I heard him say you were the best natur'd and best looking woman that could be.

Bridg. Why, child, I never said but Lieutenant O'Connor was a very well bred discerning young man—'Tis your papa is so violent against him.

Laur. Why, mama, cousin Sophy married an officer.

Bridg. Ay Laura, an officer in the militia.

Laur. No, indeed mama, he was in a marching regiment.

Bridg. No, child, I tell you he was a major in the militia.

Laur. Indeed, mama, he was not.

Enter Justice.

Just. Bridget, my love, I've had a message.

Laur. It was cousin Sophy, madam, told me so.

Just. I've had a message, my love.

Bridg.

Bridg. No, child, she cou'd say no such thing.

Just. I've had a message, I say.

Laur. How cou'd he be in the militia, when he was order'd abroad?

Just. Why, Laura——

Bridg. Oh! child, hold your tongue; well, my dear——

Just. I've had a message from Doctor Rosy.

Bridg. Order'd abroad, Miss; he went for his health.

Just. Why, Bridget——

Bridg. Well dearee! hold your tongue, Miss.

Just. A message from Doctor Rosy—and Doctor Rosy says——

Laur. I'm sure, mama, his regimentals——

Just. Damn his regimentals—Why don't you listen?

Bridg. Ay, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa!

Laur. Well, papa——

Just. Doctor Rosy, says he will bring—

Laur. Were blue turn'd up with red—

Just. Laury—says he will bring the young man.

Bridg. Red and yellow, if you please—

Just. Bridget—the young man to be hired—

Bridg. Besides, Miss, it is very unbecoming of you, to want to have the last word with your mama;—you ought to know better.

Just. Why, zounds, will you hear me, or no?

Bridg. I'm list'ning, my dear, I'm list'ning—but what signifies my silence—what good does my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let her tongue run, and try for the last word, and let nobody speak but herself? I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience, your dear lips quiver to speak—but I suppose she will run on and not let you put in a word—you may well be angry; there is nothing sure so provoking as a talking, chattering, prating—

Laur. Nay, mama, I'm sure 'tis you won't let—

Bridg.

Bridg. Why you little provoking minx——

Just. Get out of the room both of you,
get out——

Bridg. Aye, go, girl.

Just. Go, Bridget! you're worse than she,
you old mag, and I wish you were both up to
the neck in the canal, to argue there, 'till I
took you out.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Doctor Rosy, Sir.

Just. Shew him up.

[*Exit Serv.*

Laur. Then, mama, you own he was in a
marching——

Bridg. You are an obstinate fool—for if——

Just. You won't go——

Bridg. We're going, Mr. Surly—now Miss,
if that had——

Laur. Nay, mama, one proof.

Bridg.

Bridg. How cou'd Major——

Laur. And a full proof.

Bridg. When you know your cousin——

Laur. Is, that papa has a letter.

Bridg. Order'd the taylor.

(All this time the Justice is very impatient, and by degrees pushes them off.)

Just. There they go, ding dong, in for the day; good lack, a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.—

Enter Doctor Rosy.

—Well Doctor, where's the lad, where's Trusty?

Doct. At hand, he'll be here in a minute—
I'll answer for it, he's such a one as you have not met with;—brave as a lion, and at the same time gentle as a saline draught.

Just. Ay, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog that was corrupted by the Lieutenant—but this is a sturdy fellow, is he?

Doct.

Doct. A Hercules, and the best back sword player in the country, he'll make the red coats keep their distance.

Just. Oh the villains! this is St. Patrick's Day, and the dogs have been parading about my house all this morning. I know they have a design upon me, but I have taken all precautions—I have magazines of arms, and if this fellow proves faithful, I shall be more at ease.

Doct. Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There is a man below enquiring for Doctor Rosy.

Doct. Shew him up.

Just. Hold, hold, a little caution; how does he look?

Serv. A country looking fellow, your worship.

Just. Well, well, for, Doctor, the rascals try all ways to get in here.

Serv. Aye, please your worship, there was one here this morning, said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

Just.

Just. Corporal Breakbones—there you see!

Serv. And there was Drummer Crackskull come again.

Doct. Drummer Crackskull!

Just. Drummer Crackskull—aye, did you ever hear of such a damn'd confounded crew? Well, bring the lad up here.

Exit Servant.

Doct. Aye, he'll be your porter, he'll give such rogues their answer.

Enter Lieutenant in a Countryman's dress, and a patch on one Eye.

Just. Soh! a good stout fellow faith—what, has he lost an eye?

Doct. Only a bruise he got one day, in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

Just. Hey! but he has a damn'd wicked leer with to'ther.

Doct. Oh no, he's bashful, a sheepish look—

Just. Well, my lad, what's your name?

Lieut. Humphrey—

Just.

Just. Humphrey's a good name—Humphrey what?

Lieut. Humphrey Hum.

Just. Hum, I don't like Hum.

Lieut. But I be mostly call'd honest Humphrey.

Doct. There, I told you so, of noted honesty.

Just. Honest Humphrey, well, the Doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey—Honest Humphrey?

Lieut. An't please your worship, I shall be content.

Just. Well, then—hark ye, honest Humphrey, you're sure you'll never take a bribe—hey, honest Humphrey?

Lieut. A bribe! what's that?

Just. A very ignorant fellow indeed—

Doct. His worship means you will not part with your honesty for money, Humphrey.

Lieut. Noa, noa.

Just. Well said Humphrey; my chief business with you, is to watch the motions of a rakehellly fellow there, one Lieutenant O'Connor.

Doct.

Doct. Ay, you don't value the foldiers, do you, Humphrey?

Lieut. Not I, they are but fwaggerers, and you'll see, they be as much afraid of me as of their Captain.

Just. And i'faith, Humphrey, you have got a pretty cudgel there.

Lieut. Aye, the fwitch is better than nought,—but I shall be glad of a stronger—ha' ye got such a thing in the house, as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-post.

Just. Oons, what a dragon it is—well, Humphrey, come with me—I'll just shew him to Bridget, Doctor, and then agree; come along, honest Humphrey.

Exit.

Lieut. My dear Doctor, now remember to bring the Justice to the walk—I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

Doct. I will, I will. (*Shakes hands*)

Re-enter Justice.

Just. Why, honest Humphrey—hey, what the devil are you at?

Doct.

Doct. I was just giving him some advice—
Well, I must go for the present—Good morning
to your worship—you need not fear the Lieu-
tenant while honest Humphrey is in your
house. *[Exit Doctor.]*

Just Good morning to you, Doctor—well,
get in, Humphrey.— *[Exit Lieutenant.]*
—Faith he's a strapper—now I think I'm a
match for the Lieutenant and all his gang.
[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Serjeant, Drummer, and Soldiers.

Serj. Come, silence your drum, there is no
valour stirring to day. I thought St. Patrick
would have given us a recruit or two—

Enter two Countrymen.

—Oh, here are the lads you have been looking
for; they have the looks of gentlemen—Are
you single, my lads?

C

1st Count.

1st Count. Yes, an please you, I be quite single, my relations, thank heav'n, be all dead, more or less; I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's an helpless woman.

Serj. Indeed I a very extraordinary case, quite your own master then; the fitter to serve his majesty.

1st Count. No, I was always too lively to take in learning, but John here, is very clever at it.

Serj. So—what you're a scholar, friend?

2d Count. I was born so, maister—feither kept grammar school.

Serj. Lucky man; in a campaign or two, put yourself down Chaplain to the Regiment—and, I warrant, you have read of heroes and warriors.

2d Count. Yes, that I have—I have read of Jack the Giant Killer, and the Dragon of Wantly and the—Noa—I believe that's all in the hero way, except once about a Cammel.

Serj. Wonderful knowledge—well, my heroes, I'll write word to the King of your good intentions, and meet me half an hour hence at the Two Magpies.

Count. We will, your honour, we will.

Serj. But stay, for fear I shou'd not know you in the croud, clap these little bits of ribbands in your hat.

Count. Our hats are none of the best.

Serj.

Serj. We'll meet at the Magpies, and I'll give you money to buy new ones.

Count. Bless your honour, thank your honour.
[*Exeunt.*]

Serj. (*winking at the soldiers*) Jack—

[*Exit after Countrymen.*]

Enter Lieutenant as Humphrey Hum.

—So, here comes one wou'd make a grenadier—Stop, friend, will you lift?

Lieut. Who shall I serve under?

Serj. Under me, to be sure—

Lieut. Is not Lieutenant O'Connor your officer?

Serj. He is, and I am commander over him.

Lieut. What, be you Serjeants greater than your officers?

Serj. To be sure we are, 'tis our business to keep them in order; for instance, the general writes to me, Dear Serjeant, or Dear Trounce, or Dear Serjeant Trounce, according to his hurry—if your Lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly let me know—yours to command, General Deluge.

Lieut. And do you complain of them often?

Serj. No, hang him, the lad is good natured at the bottom, so I pass over small faults—but

hark'ee, between ourselves, he is most confound-
edly given to wenching.

Enter Corporal, and whispers.

Corp. Please your honour, the Doctor is a
going with his worship, we are all ready, and
have our cues.

Lieut. Then my Dear Serjeant, or Dear
Trounce, or Dear Serjeant Trounce, take your-
self away.

Serj. Zounds! the Lieutenant! I smell the
black hole already; come away, quick.

[Exeunt Serjeant and Corporal.]

Enter Justice and Doctor.

Just. I thought I saw some of the cut-throats.

Doct. I fancy not, there is no one but honest
Humphrey—ha! odds my life, here come some
of them. We'll step behind these trees and let
them pass—Oh! the bloody looking dogs.

(walks aside)

ser
Enter Corporal and Soldiers.

Corp. Hark'ee, friend, do you serve Justice
Credulous?

Lieut. I do.

Corp. Are you rich?

Lieut.

—Lieut. Noa.

—Serg. Nor ever will, with that stingy booby,
look here, take it. (*shews a purse*)

Lieut. What mun I doa for this?

—Corp. Mark me, our Lieutenant is in love
with the old rogue's daughter—help us to break
his lordship's bones, and carry off the girl, and
you are a made man.

Lieut. I'll see you hanged first, you pack of
scurvy villains.

(*throws down the purse, and lays hold of him.*)

Corp. What, firrah, mutiny, lay hold of him.

Lieut. Nay then, I'll try your armour for you.
(*beats them.*)

Sold. Quarter, quarter. (*run off.*)

Enter Justice and Doctor.

Just. Trim them, trounce them—break their
bones, honest Humphrey—what a spirit he has,
Doctor—

Doct. — Aqua fortis.

Lieut. Betray my master, indeed!

Doct. What a miracle of fidelity!

Just. Hey, and it shan't go unrewarded. I'll
give him six-pence on the spot—here—honest
Humphrey, there's for yourself—as for this
bribe, (*takes up the purse*) such trash as this, is
best in the hands of Justice. Now then, Doctor, I

think I may trust him to guard the women—while he is with them, I think I may go out in safety.

Doct. Doubtless, you may, I'll answer for the Lieutenant's good behaviour, while honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

Just. Ay, ay, she shall go no where without him. Come along, honest Humphrey—how rare it is to meet with such a servant! [*Exeunt.*

(*Lieutenant and Doctor make signs to each other.*)

2

SCENE a Garden.

Lauretta sitting with a guitar.

Enter Justice and Lieutenant.

Just. Why, you little truant, how durst you wander so far from the house without my leave? Do you want to invite that scoundrel Lieutenant, to scale the walls and carry you off?

Laur. La! papa, you are so apprehensive for nothing.

Just. Why, Hussy!

Laur. Well, then, I can't bear to be shut up like a Nun all day—I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with—and I wish I was run away with, I do,—and I wish the Lieutenant knew it.

Just. You do, do you, hussy—well, I'll take pretty good care to prevent that—honest Humphrey, I leave this lady in your care, and you

you may walk about the garden, Miss Flirt, but Humphrey shall go along with you wherever you go—so mind, honest Humphrey—I am obliged to go abroad for a little while—let no one but yourself come near her—don't be sham'd-fac'd, you booby, but keep close to her—and now, Miss, let your Lieutenant, or any of his crew, come if they dare. *[Exit.]*

Laur. How the booby stares after him!

[Sits down and sings.]

Lieut. Lauretta.

Laur. Not so free, fellow.

Lieut. No recollection?

Laur. Honest Humphrey, be quiet.

Lieut. Have you forgot your faithful soldier?

[Sings.]

Laur. Ah! save me, preserve me!

[Frighted.]

Lieut. 'Tis I, my love, your honest slave, passing on your father in this disguise.

Laur. Well, now I declare this is charming, you are so disguis'd, my dear Lieutenant, and you look so delightfully ugly, I'm sure no one wou'd find you out; ha, ha, ha, you know I am under your protection—Papa charg'd you to keep close to me.

Lieut. True, my angel, and thus let me fulfil—

Laur. I pray now, dear Humphrey—

Lieut.

Lieut. Nay, 'tis but what old Mitimus commanded. [*struggling to kiss her.*]

Enter Justice.

Just. Laura, my love—hey! what the devil's here—

Laur. Well, one kiss now, and be quiet.

Just. Your very humble servant, honest Humphrey; nay, don't mind me; don't let me interrupt you.

Laur. Lord, Papa, now that's so good natur'd—Indeed no harm! you did not mean me any harm, did you, Humphrey?

Lieut. No, indeed! Miss, his worship knows it is not in me.

Just. I know that you are a canting, lying, hypocritical scoundrel—and if you don't take yourself away out of my sight—

Laur. Inded! Papa, now I'll tell you how it was; I was taken with a sudden giddiness, and Humphrey seeing me begin to totter, ran to my assistance, poor fellow, quite frightened, and took me in his arms.

Just. Oh! was that all, nothing but a little giddiness, hey?

Lieut. That's all indeed, your worship; for seeing Miss change colour, I ran instantly.

Just. 'Twas very good in you.

Lieut. And luckily recover'd her.

Just.

Just. And who made you a Doctor, you impudent rascal—get out, I say, this minute, or by all the statutes—

Laur. O now, Papa, you fright me, and I am giddy again—help, help—

Lieut. Dear lady, she'll fall—

(takes her in his arms)

Just. Zounds! what before my face—why, thou miracle of impudence—

(Lays hold of his hair, comes off and discovers him)

—mercy on me, who have we here? murder, robbery, fire, gunpowder, soldiers, John, Bridget—

Lieut. Lord, sir, don't be alarm'd. I mean you no harm.

Just. Thieves, robbers, soldiers—

Lieut. You know my love for your daughter.

Just. Fire, cut-throats—

Lieut. And that alone—

Just. Treason, gunpowder; bring me a blunderbuss—

Enter Servant with a blunderbuss

—now scoundrel, let her go this instant.

Laur. O, Papa, you'll kill me.

Just. Honest Humphrey, be advised—ay, this way if you please. *[Exit Lauretta.]*

Lieut.

Lieut. Nay, fir, but hear me—

Just. I'll shoot—

Lieut. And you'll be convinc'd.

Just. I'll shoot.

Lieut. How very injurious—

Just. I'll shoot—

[*Exit Lieut.*—*Justice drives him off.*]

—And so your humble servant, Humphrey Hum.

[*Exeunt.*]

3 SCENE a Street or Walk.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Well, I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding, and I warrant he is full of hope, and doubt, and fear, and anxiety; truly he has the fever of love very strong upon him—faint, peevish, languishing all day with burning love, restless nights. Ah! just my case when I pined for my poor dear Dolly, when she used to have her daily cholics, that her little Doctor might be sent for;—then wou'd I interpret the language of her pulse—declare my own sufferings in my recipes for her, send her a pearl necklace in a pill box, or a cordial draught with an acrostic on the label: Well, these days are over—no happiness lasting—all is vanity—now sun-shine, now cloudy—we are as we are—kings and beggars—then what avails—

Enter

Enter Lieutenant, not disguised.

Lieut. O! Doctor, ruin'd and undone.

Doct. The pride of beauty—

Lieut. I'm discover'd, and—

Doct. The gaudy palace—

Lieut. The Justice is—

Doct. The pompous wig—

Lieut. More enrag'd than ever—

Doct. The gilded cane—

Lieut. Why, Doctor— *[Slapping him.]*

Doct. Hey! *[Starts.]*

Lieut. Confound your morals, I tell you, I am discover'd, discomfited, disappointed, ruin'd.

Doct. Indeed! good lack, good lack, to think of the instability of human affairs, nothing certain in this world—most deceived, when most confident—fools of fortune all.

Lieut. Dear Doctor, I want at present a little practical wisdom—I am resolv'd this instant to put in practice the scheme we were talking of last week—I have the letter wrote, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

Doct. With all my heart. I warrant you, I'll bear a part in it; but how the deuce! were you discover'd?

Lieut.

Lieut. I'll tell you as we go—there's not a moment to be lost.

Doct. Heav'n send we succeed better—there is no knowing, but there is no knowing.

Lieut. Very true.

Doct. We may, and we may not.

Lieut. Right.

Doct. Time must shew.

Lieut. Certainly.

Doct. We are but blind guessers.

Lieut. Nothing more.

Doct. Thick sighted mortals.

Lieut. Remarkably.

Doct. Wandering in error.

Lieut. Even so.

Doct. Futurity is dark—

Lieut. As a cellar.

Doct. The world's a stage.

Lieut. Right.

Doct. Flesh is grass.

Lieut. Very true.

Doct. Flowers fade.

Lieut. I can't deny it.

Doct. Men are moles.

[*Exeunt Doctor and Lieutenant.*]

SCENE a Chamber.

Enter Justice and Bridget.

Just. Odds-life, Bridget, you are enough to make a man mad; I tell you he wou'd have deceiv'd a Chief Justice; the dog seem'd as ignorant as my clerk, and talk'd of honesty as if he had been a Churchwarden.

Bridg. Pshaw! nonsense—honesty indeed; what had you pray to do with honesty? a fine business you must have made on't, with your Humphrey Hum, truly—And miss, too, she must have been privy to it.—Lauretta, aye, you wou'd have her call'd so, but for my part, I never knew any good come of giving girls those Heathen-Christian names; if you had call'd her Deborah, Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, nothing of this wou'd have happen'd—but I always knew Lauretta was a runaway name.

Just. Pshaw! your're a fool.

Bridg. No, Mr. Credulous, 'tis you are a fool, and none but such a simpleton, wou'd have been so imposed upon.

Just. Why, Zounds! madam, how dare you talk so? if you have no respect for your husband, I shou'd think, *Unis Coram*, might command a little difference.

Bridg. Don't tell me, *Unis fiddle-stick*, you might be asham'd to shew your face at the sessions,

D

fions, you'll be a laughing stock, and bye word, with all the pig-tail'd lawyers, and bag-wig attornies.

Just. Is this language to his majesty's representative; by all the statutes, 'tis high treason—and petty treason, both at once.

Enter a Servant with a letter.

Serv. A letter, your worship.

Just. Who brought it?

Serv. A soldier, your worship.

Just. Take it away and bury it.

Bridg. Stay, now, you are in such a hurry, 'tis some canting scrawl from the Lieutenant, I suppose, let me see it—

[Exit Servant.]

—Ay, 'tis sign'd Lieutenant O'Connor.

Just. Read it out.

Bridg. (*reading*) Revenge is sweet.

Just. It begins so, does it?—I'm glad of that, and I'll let the dog know I am of the same opinion.

Bridg. (*reading*) And tho' disappointed in my design on your daughter, I have still the satisfaction of knowing that I am reveng'd of her unnatural parents, for this morning I had the pleasure of administering to you a dose of poison—Mercy on me!

Just.

Just. No tricks, Bridget—come now—you know 'tis a lie.

Bridg. Read it yourself.

Just. (*reads*) "Pleasure of administering a dose of poison"—O horrible! cut-throats, villains—Bridget.

Bridget. Lovee—(*takes the letter*) stay, here's a postscript. (*reads*) N. B. 'tis not in the power of medicine to cure you, oh! oh!

Just. Odds-life, Bridget, why don't you call for help—I've lost my voice, my brain's giddy—(*throws himself in a chair*) I shall burst, and no assistance—John, Laury, Susan—John—

Bridg. You see, my love, what you have brought on yourself—Oh! oh!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your worship—

Just. Stay, John, did you perceive any thing in my chocolate this morning?

Serv. Nothing, your worship, unless it was a little grounds.

Just. Arsenick, arsenick, 'tis plain enough—why don't you run for Doctor Rosy—you rascal?

Serv. Now, your worship?

Just. Ay, now, you rascal.

Bridg. Oh! lovee, you may be sure 'tis in vain, let him go for the lawyer to witness your will, my life.

Just. Zounds! go for the Doctor—you are all confederates, murderers.

Serv. Here comes the Doctor, your worship.
[Exit Servant.]

Enter Doctor.

Doct. I have but just call'd in, to inform you—Hey! Bless me—what's the matter with your worship?

Just. There, he sees it already—poison in my face, in capitals—yes, yes, I am a sure job for the undertakers, indeed, Bridget. Why, Doctor, my good old friend, do you really see any change in me?

Doct. Change! never was a man so altered—how came those black spots on your nose?

Just. Spots on my nose!

Doct. And that wild stare in your right eye?

Just. In my right eye!

Doct. And oh! lack! how you are swell'd.

Just. Swell'd!

Doct. Ay, don't you think he is, madam?

Bridg. Oh! 'tis in vain to conceal it—indeed, love, you are as big again as you were this morning.

Just.

Just. Yes, I feel it now, I am poison'd, Doctor, help me for the love of justice, give me life to see my murderers hang'd.

Doct. What !

Just. I am poison'd, I say——

Doct. Speak out.

Just. Why don't you hear me ?

Doct. Your voice is so low, and so hollow, as it were, that I can't hear a word you say—

Just. I am gone, then, as it were, *Hic jacet Robertis Credulous, Esq.* many years one of his Majesty's Justices.

Bridg. Read that, Doctor—(*gives a letter*) oh ! lovee, the will, consider the will, consider how soon you'll be dead.

Just. No, Bridget, I shall die by inches.

Doct. I never heard of such monstrous iniquity, oh ! you are gone, indeed, my friend, the mortgage of your little bit of clay is up—and the sexton has nothing to do but foreclose—we must all go, sooner or later—high or low—rich and poor—death's a debt, his mandamus binds all alike—no bail, no demurrer.

Just. Silence, Doctor Croaker, will you cure me, or will you not ?

Doct. Alas ! my friend, it is not in my power—But I will certainly see justice done on your murderer.

Just. I thank you, my dear friend, but I wou'd rather see it myself.

Doct. Ay, but if you recover, the villain will escape.

Bridg. Will he? then, indeed, it wou'd be a pity you shou'd recover—I am so enraged against the villain, that I can't bear the thoughts of his escaping the halter.

Just. That's very kind of you, my dear, but if it's the same thing to you, I'd as soon recover, notwithstanding—What, Doctor, no assistance?

Doct. I can do nothing—but here's the German Quack, whom you wanted to send from the town; I met him at the next door—I know that he has antidotes for all poisons.

Just. Fetch him, my dear Doctor, fetch him—I'll get him a Deploma, if he cures me.

Doct. Well, there's no time to be lost. (*going—returns*) You continue to swell immensely.

[*Exit.*

Bridg. What, my dear, will you submit to be cur'd by a quack—a nostrum-monger. For my part, as much as I love you, I'd rather follow you to the grave, than see you owe your life to any one but a regular bred Physician.

Just.

Just. I am sensible of your affection, dearest, and believe me, nothing consoles me in my present situation, so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind, my angel.

Enter Lieutenant, as Doctor.

Doct. Great luck, great luck, I met him as passing by the door. *[they salute.]*

Lieut. Multo, dowscie pulsum.

Doct. He desires to feel your pulse.

Just. Can't he speak English?

Doct. Not a word.

Lieut. Palis, vivam, mortam, snoram.

Doct. He says, you have not six hours to live.

Just. O mercy! does he know my distemper?

Doct. No, I believe not.

Just. Tell him 'tis black arsenick they have given me.

Lieut. Geneabant—illi—arsenica—poison—
atas.

Just. What does he say?

Doct.

Doct. He says you are poisoned.

Just. We know that, but what will be the effect?

Doct. Quid effectam?

Lieut. Diabel toutalar.

Doct. He says you'll die presently.

Just. O horrible! No antidote?

Lieut. Curam, bonakree, bona, fullam.

Just. What does he say, I must row in a boat to Fulham?

Doct. No, he says, he'll undertake to cure you for 30,000 l.

Bridg. 30,000 l.—thirty thousand halters first—No lovee, you shall never submit to such an imposition—die at once, and be a customer to none of them.

Just. I will not die, Bridget, I don't like death.

Bridg. Pshaw, I don't like death! a moment, and all is over.

Just. Ay, but it leaves a numbness that lasts a plaguy long while.

Bridg. Oh! my dear—do consider—the will—

Enter

Enter Lauretta.

Laur. Oh! my dear father, what is it I have heard?

Lieut. (*starts at sight of her*) Quiddum, seomenicum, deus tollam rosam.

Doct. The Doctor's astonish'd at the sight of your daughter.

Just. Why so?

Doct. Thorico, paufada, Pulaviro.—

Lieut. Damsellam, luvam evam villibane.

Doct. He says she has robb'd him of his heart, and if you will give him leave to pay his addressee to her, and promise your consent to their union, if he shou'd gain her affections; on those conditions, he will cure you without fee or reward.

Just. The devil, did he say all that in so few words? what a fine language it is, well I agree—if he can prevail on the girl—and that I'm sure he never will.

Lieut. Settlum, greatum?—Lieutenant—writum, boltum.

Doct. He says, you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous recipe.

[*both sit and write at the table.*]

Laur.

Laur. Do, mama, tell me the meaning of all this; wou'd he have me to marry a man that speaks as if he had a doctor's shop in his mouth?

Bridg. Don't speak to me, girl, don't, unnatural parricide.

Just. There, Doctor, is what he requires.

Doct. And there's your recipe, read it aloud.

Just. What's this, plain English?

Doct. Read it, read it—a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.

Just. (*reading*) On reading this, you are effectually cur'd by your affectionate son in law, O'Connor—What is the meaning of this?

(*Lieutenant throws off his disguise.*)

Bridg. Monstrous imposition!

Just. In the name of Belzebub, who have we here?

Lieut. Lieut. O'Connor, at your service.

Bridg. Your humble servant Humphrey Hum. So another trick.

Just. 'Tis false, you are not my son in law—I'll be poison'd again, and leave Bridget my estate, but he shall be hang'd.

Doct.

Doct. Come, come, my dear friend, don't put yourself in a passion—A man just escap'd from the jaw of death, should not be so violent—Come, my old friend, make a merit of necessity, and let your blessing join those whom nothing on earth can keep asunder.

Bridg. Aye, pray do, my dear, be poison'd again, for I'm sure he deserves to be hang'd.

Just. He does, you say—Look'ee, Bridget, you shew'd such a tender concern for me, when you thought me poison'd, that for the future, I am resolv'd never to take your advice in any one thing; so do you hear, Sir—you're an Irishman, you say, and a soldier, you say—

Lieut. I am, Sir, and am proud of both.

Just. The two things on earth I most hate—
Now I'll tell you what—renounce your country—
—sell your commission, and I'll forgive you.

Lieut. Hark'ee, Mr. Justice, if you were not the father of my dear Lauretta, I wou'd pull your nose for asking the first, and break your bones for desiring the latter.

Doct. You're right, Lieutenant.

Just. Is he? then I'm sure I must be wrong. Here, Sir, I give you my daughter; but you are the most impudent dog I ever saw in my life. (*aside.*)

Lieut.

Lieut. With such a gift, every word is a compliment, from the father of my dear Lauretta.

Bridg. Come, then, since every thing is settled between you, this day's adventure, *lover*, will be a subject for you and me these ten years.

Just. So it will, my dear, though we are seldom at a loss for any thing to quarrel about.

Doct. Come, I insist upon one day without wrangling—the Captain shall give us a dinner at the two magpies, and your we ship shall put every man in the stocks who is sober at eight o'clock—so joy to you my little favourite, and I wish you may prove just as good a wife, as my poor dear Dolly.

F I N I S.